A COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL POETRY

COMPOSED BY

E. BOYNE

A BLIND MAN

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TORONTO

1892

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

O the death that Jesus died for me,
On the cross of Calvary,
Oh what love and what compassion,
For our lost and ruined condition.

His hands and feet were nailed fast,
To redeem our soul at last,
The blood flowed down His wounded side,
To redeem a world so wide.

O that from temptation I was free,
That I could wholly worship Thee,
That I with Jesus should ever be
For ever in eternity.

All glory to the Holy Name,
To the Heavenly Father be the same,
O Holy Ghost, one, yet three,
We worship the Holy Trinity.

THE DRUNKARD.

The wind and storm was raging wild,
The snow tumbled helter skelter,
A drunkard turned out his wife and child
From their only little shelter.

CHORUS. O fancy facing such a storm,
With not enough to keep them warm.
The drunkard in his fury wild,
Has turned out his wife and only child.

And as they wandered through the streets,
Not knowing where to go;
So they sat down on the kerbing stone,
And soon were covered with snow.

'O hug me closer mother dear,
I'm sure we'll freeze, if we sit here,"
His mother hugged him closer to her breast,
And tried to quiet him to rest.

The policeman walking on his beat,
Found them both dead upon the street,
Never more shall they driven be,
By a drunkard's mad brutality.

When the drunkard's fury it had gone,
He looked about for his wife and son,
And when he knew what he had done,
To end his life in the lake did run.

THE SABBATH,

The Sabbath bells are chiming clear,
Bidding the people to God draw near.
It is the best day of the seven,
To prepare our souls for Heaven.

The hum of the city now is stopped,
And the chiming bells their echoes drop,
Sounds of a nation singing praise,
Unto God their voices raise.

Our trials and troubles we bring to Him,
For God is the Almighty King,
He will guide us on the way,
If we humbly watch and pray.

To Jesus then for salvation cry,
O Lord, to save us or else we die;
He will light us on the way,
To an eternal Sabbath Day.

Our Sabbath Day will soon be past,
O receive our souls at last.
Then loud anthems we will sing,
All glory to the Immortal King.

MOTHER.

Those dove-like eyes and winning face,
From my memory never can be chased,
In this country or any other,
Never will I forget my dear mother.

Gently bending o'er my bed,
Asking God's blessing on my head,
That my path may be bright and clear,
As through this world my course I steer.

Our dearest mother, our wants attends,
And, while we sleep, our clothes she mends,
Not forgetting our dear Father,
Who so kind as gentle Mother?

A true Mother's love can never be told,
It's purer than the finest gold;
Whens he dies, that Heavenly band to swell,
May I with Jesus and Mother dwell.

THE BLIND SHALL SEE.

The beauties of nature I no longer see,
The birds, the trees, or the humming bee,
Then farewell to this valley of tears,
Behold! my blessed Saviour appears.

In regions of glory with its beauties untold,
Whose walls are of jasper, and streets of bright gold;
In mansions of glory, and a robe of pure white,
I shall dwell with my Jesus, and have a clear sight.

O blind of this world, why will you not see,
O come unto Jesus and thou shalt be free;
For Jesus is calling, is calling for thee
The spirit is waiting from its bondage to flee.

In that heavenly land, where all sorrow is gone,
We'll sing unto Jesus that ever new song,
Hunger nor thirst there never shall be,
All glory to God the whole Trinity.

TO "SISTER MARY."

"For Mary has chosen the better part,"
And unto God has given her heart,
And while she does His voice obey,
Jesus will lead her all the way.

At the Mission House of work there's plenty
For a strong and helpful hand;
But our "Sister Mary's" always ready—
God bless and cheer that little band.

Along the street her way she wends,
To reach the cottage of her friends,
To cheer the sick, or council give,
And speak of Him who died, that they might live.

But Sister Mary 'tis well-known
That your path, though steep, is clear;
For every one who Christ do own,
Esteems and loves you very dear.

For your sacrifice and self-denial,
God will own you for His child;
He will preserve you on the way,
While you never from Him stray.

And when your labour here is done,
Then God will claim you as His own.
I know the prize you will obtain,
You ever shall with Jesus reign.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOUR'S CHILD.

Tilley Field has gone to rest,
And with the Saviour she is blest.
Here she suffered pain untold,
Now she walks the streets of gold.

Who can tell a mother's anguish,
When her poor heart is wrung;
For the losing of her loved one,
Dying, O so very young.

Father and mother do not worry,
For your little pet.
She is happy with the angels,
It would be very wrong to fret.

But our wise and Heavenly Father,
Who doeth all things well,
He has called your little daughter
Up with Him to dwell.

This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by solemn doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise will bloom.

TO THE "SISTERS" OF JOHNSON AVE. MISSION.

I went to the Mission House to-day,
With reverence to worship God and pray
That he would all my sins forgive,
And henceforth teach me how to live.

The "Sisters" there you will always find,
They're not afraid to lead the blind ;
To wait on the sick, or to help the poor,
With mercies from their little store.

The kindness they have shewn to me,
Never shall forgotten be :
But I will forever pray,
That God well bless them on their way.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we enter on the other shore,
The "Sisters" that have been so kind,
They will their loving Saviour find.

With crowns and stars He will them bless,
Saying, " come unto Me and be at rest " :
And with your Saviour you shall be,
All glory to God, the whole Trinity.

THE RACE.

In the race of life I've been outrun, so please on me take pity,
Though blind, I've come to settle down, in this great Toronto city.
Of all the cities I've been in, where the chirping sparrow perches,
It is the greatest town of all, for its Charities and Churches.

In this race you'll plainly see, that Christ's Church is the goal,
And all who start to win the race, must not play the fool.

In starting you must careful be, no false weights to carry,
For in this race be sure my friend, you'll have no time to tarry.

Keep up good heart, and steadfast be, if you would not tumble,
You'll fine trouble on your way, 'tis easy now to stumble,
But if your training right has been, you'll sure to be the gainer,
Then you'll sit down with the King, and be His guest forever.

All glory to our God and King, we see this race has started,
So never be deceived with sin, nor never be faint hearted,
For when the laurelled crown you've won,
You'll forever live with God's dear Son.

BOYNE'S LAMENT.

O heart that is broken, and soul that is sad,
Why are you troubled. or why feel so bad,
Neglecting a Saviour so good, and so kind
To all His children, seeing or blind.

Or chanches past, which ne'er shall be returned,
Or kind deeds done, or friendship spurned,
But listen awhile to me I pray,
I'll tell you why I'm so sad to-day.

February month to me, ever will accursed be,
For from that time 'twas willed, I no more should see.
Blown up I was with dynamite,
And that is how I lost my sight.

Fathers, imagine if you can,
The hardships of a poor blind man,
Who on this earth is bound to be,
Shut out from all he pines to see.

But this sad life will soon be o'er,
And we'll enter on the other shore,
With all those I love to see
Forever in Eternity.

TO MY SON EDWARD.

Edward, my loved and only son,
Your fifteenth birthday now has come,
Happy may your birthday be,
Long life and sweet prosperity.

Dear Ed. your heart is young and warm,
May you manly face the storm,
For in this life you'll find its tough;
As you've already proved its rough.

My dear boy, fresh courage take,
Be manly for your mother's sake,
Always to her be very kind,
For your poor Father, he is blind.

Never mind boy, God's will be done,
Into His Hands I will place my son,
Trust Him lad, He thy Father will be,
And God will always care for thee.

THE BLIND MAN'S DAUGHTER.

Ada, you are my little queen,
Although your face I've never seen,
For you have been my eyes to-day,
To lead your Father on his way,

On the sidewalks about the town,
You lead me on my daily round,
Or when to a neighbours a visit I pay,
You guide me that I may not stray.

O Ada, do you understand,
That Jesus dwells at God's right hand,
And if you always watch and pray,
He will lead you on *your* way.

Ada, may you ever be
Pure innocent, and free,
And may your path forever shine,
With deeds of kindness you've left behind.

Ada darling, though we are poor,
I know we'll meet on the other shore,
With our Heavenly Father we shall be,
And then my little queen I'll see,